

# THE CONSUMPTION OF THE EXTREMES: A FAMILY DRAMA

## PREFACE

I headbutt the potato. Its flesh will cling to you like the plastic melted onto your arm. By whom was the potato grown? I said that I used to headbutt it. If  $y = \text{potato}$ , and the revolution is given by the formula  $\text{lozenge}(ds)$ , with  $d$  equal to death and  $s$  to socialisation, and if the posteriority signified by “after” is represented provisionally by the non-fiction symbol  $p$ , then this joke can be given the mathematical formula slide down my tongue Argon or I will lacerate your windpipe with my firmament. That was hardly how it all started. 30,000 tonnes to the Canary Islands. There are things it is hardly even possible to imagine. Agathe slides his tongue or another into the start position of where we falling rate dented my car I got out and slapped her face or his across the table she stared at me with a look somewhere between menace and incontinence and unsupported I took her hand and explained that the resources were grabbed her hand and explained that the men were resources for *Mannschaft* on an open highway queers getting off on being who they are supposed to be easier than this 30,000 tonnes is life in however many shipments packed into crates and then the crates into container units and the units onto ships I sleep, harbouring no delusions, in the morning everything will begin I sleep, harbouring no delusions, in the morning it will begin sexual incontinence shipped to the Mauritius a certain quantum of surplus value contained therein representing labour but not the labour that we perform or that any individual ever has so much

as the labour constituted as an abstract and changing norm by the total context of social struggle and cooperation moving stately across the ocean visible from the camera above, an almost invisible grey strip on an visible grey strip retailed at an outlet you visit potato facing the wind. I talk to the agent on the phone made from crumbling flour shipped from exactly four feet above my head a strip of light with bars where money is laundered, he says he is able to meet my price or me in an alleyway in the strip exactly 4.2 feet or rather 1.8 metres or rather 1.8 meters from my head there comes a sound of quiet remorse I say yes etc. The agent is a beautiful animal. After we have finished sex in the manner of a glitzy superficial postmodern novel our speech appears in bubbles and is shipped nine metres to the right and two metres down creating an effect of disjunction which not only restores to us an image of wholeness dependent on a prior factual alienation in the objective constitution of our social interconnectedness but which also is the essential aesthetic *savoir faire* of the period of its composition, just as an ironic distantiation was the essential tie-me-up-tie-me-down of the analysis of social types in the period of the authorship of e.g., Anna Stothard, where the speech is unpacked and shipped two meters to the left where it is used as a commodity input in the production of a higher value conversation between two different people who will never be known to us but whose speech is anyway backreferenced in its innermost content by ours. The telephone conversation itself has a price which is not shipped but is instead entered into an account and which ultimately after deductions of tax, input prices, depreciation costs, etcetera, will form itself into a unit of profit whose relationship to the value of the labour that was extorted from another person is yet to be determined/ though not before we have moved two meters to the right and then two metres up and finally nine metres to the left in order to determine once and for all what was said between us. All the shipments required as a prior condition dates just as I too am



routinely ignored/ is the state of *staying* e.g. Mahler III the final parts in the Loire region twelve or thirteen years old. In the meanwhile several thousands of workers were murdered by thugs hired by their bosses. But this was not significant to my own process of self-formation. 2) I believe in the extraction of value by means of labour exploitation, the neutralisation of the political life of the Western people by means of (a) transfer of value by an imperialist system productive of “labour aristocracies” at the core, as Lenin had argued; and (b) the formation of a culture industry whose products were responsible for the almost total extirpation of political autonomy among working people. At the same time there glowed in me a powerful belief that the “absolute” was in the final instance the ability to extract from language an infinite meaning. The highest religious impulse in my politics claimed that “materials” of language ought to be capable of being specified as inexhaustible stocks of sense [...] into a bliss of ecstatic advancement. This was what I understood, at this time, to be heaven. (3) A slow change in my understanding of capitalist economies, precipitated in part by my move to London and in part by the student movement at the end of 2010, leading to